SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

January 17, 1962 - Wednesday

The Yugoslav Ambassador, Srdja Prica, paid a return call. He stayed an hour, and I enjoyed every minute of it. He believes Krushchev is under considerable pressure from the Chinese, as well as from fellow Soviet politicians, to stick to a hard line in dealings with the West. He believes that the rigid Communist line ~~is~~ necessarily softens in ~~every~~ a Socialist country as educational facilities become more widespread, and as general prosperity increases. The latter is not true in China, and accounts in some part for the brutality of their measures.

I lunched in the office with Lewis Jones.

This afternoon, Prince Samy, a descendant of the Turkish Sultan, Abdul Hamid, came to see me. He has revived the old claim of his family to an interest in the oil fields of Iraq, and wanted me to consider interceding for him in this connection with American oil companies interested there. These claims are, of course, dead as mutton.

Tonight we went to a recital by Virginia Pleasants at Wigmore Hall. She is a famous harpsichordist. Afterwards, we had a supper for 50 or 60 of the people who ~~had~~ heard her.

QEW 6-17-11

January 18, 1962 - Thursday

The Tunisian Ambassador, Mr. Slim, came to see me this morning. After five years here, he has been appointed to Moscow, and is leaving shortly. He is unusually attractive and intelligent.

Otto Fuerbringer, the new Managing Editor of TIME, came with Elson to see me. We had a stimulating and satisfactory conversation.

DECLASSIFIED

descendants of them, as witness another of my names, "Kirkpatrick".

I was brought up, as a child, in Southern Virginia, in the tobacco belt, amongst the melancholy circumstances still deriving from the American Civil War. The population of our county today is smaller than it was 150 years ago. Half of it is white, the other half negro.

The revelations of the Scriptures were conveyed to attentive audiences, chiefly by the Ministers of the Presbyterian Church. Other sects existed, of course, numerous and vocal, but the expositors of their creeds seemed to lack the gravity and authority of those preachers of the gospel, who, until lately, were still referred to as "Scottish Divines."

One source of satisfaction to the post-war, and impoverished dwellers in the tobacco belt, was the prosperity of a Mr. Cameron. He had settled in Petersburg (near Richmond), the town where their produce of redolent leaves was sold at auction, mainly for export.

As his fortunes waxed, so did his surroundings and behavior match them. In Petersburg, where he dwelt in a crenelled, Gothic mansion, he was respectfully referred to as "Mr. Cameron". But when he went to New York, as he

DECLASSIFIED

and alleged magician. Like the others to whom I have referred, he was a wanderer. After studying at Oxford and Paris, he went to Italy. ~~Thence~~ Thereafter, he settled for a time in Spain, where he absorbed the Arabic language, and set himself up as a master of the occult sciences. Sir Walter Scott has immortalized him; I shall not attempt to embroider on that account.

Benjamin Disraeli once stated: "It has been my lot to have found myself in many distant lands. I have never been in one without finding a Scotchman, and I never found a Scotchman who was not at the head of the poll--he was prosperous, he was thriving, often the confidential adviser of persons of the highest position, even of rulers of states."

I shall not refer to denigrators of Scotland and its inhabitants. Let us assume that their malevolence was the product of jealousy. The most persistent was Samuel Johnson, who detested Scots, with rare exceptions, almost as much as he did Americans. It was he who said: "The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." Many biased critics foreswore further attacks when they discovered that trying to be unfairly

DECLASSIFIED